moved off to the left side of the road | the unaderned uniform of the private.

a fog which prevailed having lifted, and son failed to attack these two men. we then had a chance to see something From here we went through Rocky of our surroundings. To our right, and Springs, Big Sandy, Cayuga, and Five about a half mile distant, was a small Mile Creek. On the morning of the frame, uppainted building, evidently a 12th the division followed after Shercountry church. On our front was the man's forces, who had passed us while the country, believing with all the fervor of farmhouse of Mrs. Thompson, and off to | we were in camp May 11.

tlefield was broken by ravines whose

STEEP SIDES AND NARROW BOTTOMS were covered with a thick growth of cane and underbrush, and the Southern forces, being first on the ground, had oc- Capt. Howell's Considerate Treatment of cupied all the best positions.

Our regiment moved off still farther to the left, again encountering the fire of the rebel artillery, this time, unfortunately, losing one man killed and an- Capt. John Adams Howell, Commandant of other wounded.

Here again we halted; a company from the right was sent out as skirmishers, advanced to a ravine in our front, and soon disappeared in the cane and underbrush. The enemy's skirmishers were hid in the brush on the opposite side. A desultory tinued for hours.

Meanwhile the forces on our extreme There was a lull in the firing on that part of the line, and the struggle shifted to the center. Here, too, the troops from expect this." the North pushed back those who approached them. At no time during the day did the fight appear to be general, and not more than one-third of the lineof-battle, perhaps in all two and one-half miles in length, was hotly engaged at any der any other circumstances."

Along in the afternoon the battle shift- room. ed again to the left of the Union line, and the forces under Osterhaus had their share in the contest.

The Confederates placed several pieces of artillery near the negro quarters or him to his room and said: "Here is my cabins before mentioned, and for a while fired so rapidly and burst their shells so as to make our

SITUATION VERY UNCOMFORTABLE. After a time the gunners of Foster's bat-

made by the left of the Union forces. the Confederate line was broken, many prisoners were captured, and the remainder of the enemy were driven about two miles. Darkness coming on the pursuit was abandoned, and the victorious Northern soldiers bivouacked for the

The next morning the 114th started for Port Gibson, and camped not far from the town and on the bank of the Bayon Pierre.

The south fork of the Bayon Pierre at the town of Port Gibson had been spanned by an elegant suspension bridge, and this the Southern forces, having crossed in their retreat,

CONSIGNED TO THE FLAMES.

Men were at once put to work, a floating bridge was constructed from the timbers of sheds and other buildings in the village, and was placed across the stream just above the ruins of the bridge.

The new bridge was finished early in enemy was resumed. Five miles from Port Gibson the north fork of Bayou to burn another suspension bridge. The enemy was driven off, the fire on the forces were once again in pursuit. This place was known as Grindstone

Ford, and from thence the road ran almost due north along the crest of a ridge. Dyke "Nancy." About a mile from Willow Springs we were Lalted, the head of our column having overtaken the enemy, who appeared to a family in apparently tolerably fair circumstances. An old gentleman, prob- believed thee true." ably the head of the household, was seated on the porch, and some of our Generals and other high officers went and sat with him. A number of soldiers from several regiments started on a tour of investigation. A smokehouse, in which was a small quantity of meat, was soon cleared of its contents, and then attention was called to a

LARGE NUMBER OF BREHIVES arranged along a fence in the back part

of the vard. and with a board nailed on the top or upper end. Several small augerholes near the bottom gave the bees ingress and egress, and the gums at that time were well filled with honey, which most of an attempt to procure.

Two men of our company, named Hoagland and Morehart, belonged to that small class of persons whom bees never harm, and each of them shouldering a gum, deliberately carried them which lay there, they split the hollow logs from end to end and disclosed the be built under the direct auspices of Southern comb and honey with which they were women and children.

road balls and shells from an enemy's filled. The angered bees made an inbattery came thick and fast, but fortu- discriminate attack on officers and solnately no one in our regiment was in- diers; the stars, eagles, leaves and bars jured. After reaching the top of the were no more respected by them than hill through which was the cut we the chevrons of the "non-comish" or

and a short distance from it, and kept | A sudden and precipitate rush was on in the same general direction about made for the readway, the old man a half mile and marched in behind a sought refuge inside his house, and in a farmhouse of moderate size owned by very short time the yard in front of the Mrs. Thompson, which perhaps caused house was cleared of all intruders, exthe battle here fought to be called cept Hoagland and Morehart, and in full possession of myriads of infuriated While we were here it became lighter, | bees, that for some unaccountable rea-

the left were some farm sheds and negro | The next place was known as Fourteen Mile Creek, and here the next The ground which was to be the bat- morning there were many indications of an impending battle.

(To be continued.)

BATTLE OF MOBILE BAY Prisoner-of-War.

[Washington Post.] Prof. A. D. Wharton, of Nashville, Tenn., a graduate of the Naval Academy, date of '56, relates a pleasant war-time story of

the Navy-yard of this city. When the Tennessee surrendered to Farrgut, Lieut, Wharton, who had command of the First Gun Division, was directed to. accompany Capt. Johnston to the Ossipee There was no time to dress, so he went on board in his "fighting trim," begrimed with powder and his uniform coat put on over his undershirt. The Ossipee was comfire was kept up on our front by the manded by Commander Le Roy, who was skirmishers on both sides, and this con- familiarly known as the Chesterfield of the

Much to the surprise of Capt. Johnston, Le Roy received him with all the honors right advanced, meeting with strong op- due his rank; the side was tended by four position, but steadily driving the enemy. | boys, and the Boatswain piped a cheery greeting. Capt. Johnston was visibly affected by this courtesy, and as be crossed the gangway he exclaimed: "Le Roy, I didn't

Howell, the First Lieutenant of the Ossipee, was standing by Capt. Le Roy, and as soon as he saw Wharton, he hailed him in his genial, kindly way:

"Hello, Wharton; I am glad to see you." "I would be glad to see you, Howell, un-

"Don't let us talk about that now," Howell said, "but come right down to the ward-

Wharton says that he remembers only one officer who was below at the time, Lieut. Richard Chew, late of this city. He was received by everyone with the greatest cordiality and made to feel at home. Howell took room; everything is at your disposal, and here is my boy. Bob, take good care of Mr. Wharton; you fellows have been paying us your compliments so vigorously that I must go on deck and look out for repairs."

Lieut. Wharton remained on the Ossipee for several days, treated as a guest, and not pery, on our side, got the range on the at all like a prisoner. Every attention and rebel artillery, dismounting two of their courtesy that could be shown was abunguns in short order and causing the others transfer to Pensacola. He said good-by to dantly lavished. Finally orders came for his his generous captors with feelings of grati-At five o'clock a general charge was | tude that 30 years have not dimmed. When he shook hands with Howell and tried to thank him, the latter pressed something in his hand. It was a roll of greenbacks, "Oh, Howell," he exclaimed, choking with emotion, "I cannot accept this, for I haven't a cent in the world to repay it. But Howell would take no refusal, and the money, which was returned after the war, proved of

The incident reflects great credit upon the conquerer, who, in the hour of victory, and while his guns were still hot from the fire of battle, had no thoughts in his heart save those of kindness and consideration for his brave foe.

Tom Moore's First Sweetheart.

Duff is known only by tradition and by the morning of May 3, troops at once attracted immediate attention and admiration. able comment that came to his notice only began crossing, and the pursuit of the Whenever the Dyke sisters appeared the made them all the more apparent. At last ed to be the favorite of the trio.

Pierre was reached, and here a stand for gentleman amateurs to give annual public author's first story, but which, if often rewas made by the enemy, and an effort performances for the benefit of the poor of the peated, would be a serious drawback to her guardian than she had in Jesse Arnold. He city, and it was on one of these occasions. from Dublin was invoked, that Thomas written stery and a letter which was a bridge extinguished, and the Yankee Moore, the Irish poet, was introduced to Mary strange jumble of gratitude to him for bring-Dyke, and immediately found himself pas- ing her before the public, thankfulness that sionately in love with her. It was in the she had been so well received, and unstinted ther in the course she had mapped out for play "Fortune's Frolic" that Tom Moore expressions of a steadfast belief that she herself, he capped the climax of his sympersonated "Robin Roughhead," and Mary was fairly lanched on a sea of success where pathy and interest by asking her to marry

shadow, and after awhile he poured forth his be eternally grateful to her for allowing him great love for her and offered her his hand to print a story which would, in all probaand heart. But, for some reason, the beauti- bility, shed luster around his own reputabe disposed to dispute farther advance. ful Mary did not reciprocate the wealth of tion as well as her own. Our regiment was stopped in the road affection thus offered her, and she rejected in front of a log dwelling occupied by him. It was this which led Moore to return letter. to his room, and in the midnight hour, pen

Southern Monument to the Slave.

A year or two ago a monument was erected at Fort Mills, S. C., to the memory of the Confederate soldier who died for his country. Italian sculptors are now at work chiseling out a statue gracefully typical of the Southern woman, whose endurance in suffering, fortitude in defeat, and patience in affliction have made her immortal. This monument also will stand in the public square of Fort Mill. But still another monument, the most significant and unique that has ever been built in this or any other country, will be These hives, or gums, were made of erected at Fort Mill. It will be fashioned hollow logs sawed in lengths of about out of rough granite, and will stand forever four feet, set on end on wooden blocks as a tribute to the fidelity and devotion of the Southern slave. Monuments have been erected with sublime devotion to the women of the Southern States, and several memorials have been dedicated to the women of the South, but nowhere has any shaft been reared to the Southern negro. The State and the South and the world will be indebted to of the soldiers would have relished, Capt. Samuel E. White, of Fort Mill, for this but which few cared to risk the danger | testimonial of gratitude to the humble and faithful slave who fed the Southern armies while they fought, and who protected with sublime devotion the women and children committed to their care. All honor to Samuel E. White, of Fort Mill! His example should be an inspiration to the people of the South, who should esteem it a sacred duty to build at the old Confederate capital a around in front of the house and out to memorial column to the Southern negro in the wood-pile, where, taking up an ax the war. This monument should not be the grateful work of one man, but it should be



Esther Lindsay was 19 when her first story was published. It was not the first one she had written by any means. Ever since she had been able to form the alphabetical characters and join them legibly her fertile brain had been weaving all sorts of possible and impossible romances, many of which she had forwarded to publishers in various parts of her youthful egotism that her crude sentiments, still more crudely wrought, would inspire in some editor's soul the same faith in her greatness which she herself already

But somehow her contributions always me.' fell short of the mark of excellence necessary to insure them a favorable consideration, and manuscript after manuscript was returned to her and was securely locked away in the lower drawer of her old-fashioned bureau, which had been dedicated, with a good many tears of disappointment, as a repository for all rejected offerings at the shrine of literature. By the time she was 19 there were probably a hundred or more of those hapless ously forgotten or resurrected and revised

months on her "Story of the Steamer Ken- think that I am over-optimistic when I say and fishing cruise in Nassua Sound in the drick." One night she finished rewriting it I that I believe with all my heart that such

Ironton. It was late in the afternoon when she reached the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly. Jesse Arnold was closing his door. She inquired for him, and he stepped back into his paper-bestrewn den and motioned to her to follow.

to see me about?"

At his best the editor was not a good- Lindsay. looking man, and that day when he stood between her and the window, where the full beams of the evening sun poured in and seemed to exaggerate every defect of his as he could speak to her alone. person, from the most upright end of his short, straight, black hair to his disproportionately large feet, he was painfully conscious that his loosely-knit body and swarthy complexion never appeared to worse advan-

She took in the details of the room and the general make-up of its occupant with one comprehensive sweep of her clear, blue eyes, and then said, simply:

"I am Esther Lindsay. If it does not inconvenience you I should like to talk to you a little while about this last letter you wrote

"I am glad to see you," he said, with a smile—the best part of Jesse Arnold was his smile-"are you willing to let me be your doctor and to take my prescriptions faith-

fully?" "No," she said, flushing slightly under his close scrutiny, "I don't think I am. I don't productions laid away either to be ignomin- | think I can. You don't understand," she went on earnestly, encouraged by his look of when her mind should become sufficiently friendly interest. "I don't suppose there matured to sift out whatever meritorious are any men that are absolutely perfect, material there might be in them and use it but I have my ideal of what a man should be, and I put him body and soul into my She worked steadily for more than three 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' I don't



"I AM ESTHER LINDSAY."

for the 21st time, and the next day she sent it men live, and that you and I have met them to Jesse Arnold, editor of the Ironton Inland | and can point them out, Weekly, with a five-line note asking him to | He shook his head in quiet controversion read it carefully, and even if he could not of her theory. She waited a moment for use it to let her know what he thought of it. | him to speak, then exclaimed impatiently: Of all the editors in the land she seemed

to have chosen him as her most favored target; why, she could not have told, for she had no personal acquaintance with him and | behind his head, "I see quite plainly that his letters accompanying returned manu- whatever argument I may present will script had been even more cuit and forbid- only antagonize you. You may know such But for all that each unhappily ending ven- ence has been infinitely more varied than ture only added fresh fuel to her zeal to yours. I know you will not heed me, but I secure a fcothold among the ranks of the | repeat that it will not pay you to live in a knowledged her developed or potential your acquaintance, study him; take human

Her "Story of the Steamer Kendrick" the right track." To the present generation the name of Mary | three times Jesse Arnold, who was a con- of wisdom she had lately assumed. "But I Moore's peom, says the Ladies' Home Journal. accepted it with that feeling of uncertainty are up to the standard you will not decline chinist's hammer had no effect on it what-Yet her career reads like a romance. It was with which an insurance man issues a policy them on account of that one technicality?" ever. in London that she was born, in 1794. Her on an extra-bezardous risk, and congratuchristened name was Mary Ann Dyke, lated himself on his shrewdness with equal | that account." When she was scarcely 15 she was known far | delight when it turned out to be preferred. and wide as one of the most beautiful girls The public liked the story, and several critics it be in the Ironton Inland Weekly, does not of the neighborhood. Her poverty led her to who condescended to review the Inland give unquestioned entree into the columns of adopt the stage as a profession, and she with | Weekly praised it. Perhaps Editor Arnold | every other periodical in the country, and her two sisters, also of great beauty, became | bimself was more fully aware of the glaring | for many mouths after the appearance of dancers at the Dublin Theater, where their absurdities in the piece he had brought out singular grace, comeliness of face and person | than were any of its readers, and each favortheater would be thronged. And Mary seem- he concluded to write to his unknown literary protege and warn her againt certain It was the fashion of the time at Kilkenny errors which might be pardoned in a young advancement in her art. Before he did so, when the assistance of professional ladies however, she sent him another hastilywrecks and disasters were an impossibility. The Irish poet became Mary Dyke's very In conclusion she hinted that he ought to That evening he wrote the contemplated

"You are in danger of being spoiled," he his celebrated love-song, beginning "Mary, I said, in part. "You need advice and I feel marry. that I have the right to address you in the capacity of censor. Remember you are in an up-to-date world, and the literature that will live will be the very essence, the embodiment of that world. Visionary, idealistic sketches, such as yours, make very good reading, but they are not the true stuff. You have unquestioned ability, but if you wish to succeed you must turn it to the portraval of living men and women, not the imaginary puppets that you hrve manipulated for the most part in your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick.' Take your hero, for instance. It may be quite comforting for a time to come in contact, through the medium of printer's ink and paper, with an Apollo, a mental Hercules, a spiritual god and a financial Crossus, all combined in one American man, and a New Yorker at that, but I doubt if any of us would relish a closer acquaintance with him; he would be apt to prove unpalatable. Besides, he would be an excrescence on the human race. and after your second or third story the public would have none of him. So take warning. Make your bero a real manfull of imperfections, if need be-and let the gods take care of themselves."

Esther Lindsay read and reread the chitor's letter. He had not intended to make it unnecessarily pointed or citical, but of all the characters she had ever conjured up her last hero had been the object of her most most vulnerable spot.

"I want that man to understand me," she said to her mother, after having dreamed over the contents of the letter for a comple of nights, "and in order to bring that about I am going down to Ironton and see him, attempt to explain in writing just what before the public eye to-day. stand I have taken on this subject."

"Well, why don't you say something?" "Because," he answered, leaning far back in his creaking chair and clasping his hands ding than those of his brother publishers. men as you depict; I do not, and my experi-

was not a work of genius, but there were You have one view, and though it may phases of the plot that were strong and be right, I feel as though I should be giving passages that were unusually well con- up the best part of myself to sacrifice my ceived and executed, and after reading it opinion to yours," she said, with that touch He smiled again. "No," he said, "not on

To have one article printed, even though her first story Esther Lindsay plodded wearily over her literary way, which was an up-hill, sinuous path. A score of unfortunate tales were added to the unpublished library in the bureau drawer before she found an outlet for her ideas a second time. Then followed five years of ups and downs No literary aspirant ever had a more jealous exulted in every victory she achieved and deplored every defeat she met as keenly as though it had been his own, and then one day, when some unexpected turn of ill-luck made her despair of trying to push on fur-

It was a surprise to her, and she promptly "I never expected this from you," she said, trying to temper her dismissal with a kind of an apology; "you, who knew me so well. You may call me a dreamer, an idiot, if you like, but I have my ideal still, and

unless I find him in real life I shall never some things, but I suppose I am mistaken.

You may change your mind yet." "You shall never know it if I do," she flared out angrily, and that ended the first chapter of their own romance.

The outcome of this pre-matrimonial venture had been a bitter disappointment to Jesse Arnold. He went back to the office of the Ironton Inland Weekly and tried to deaden his grief in the daties and responsibilities | The section derives its name from the fact devolving upon the editor-in-chief of a great | that nearly 40,000 unfortunates are buried publication, and she, realizing something of there in rows of 50. One would never think how deeply she had wounded him, tried to of looking for a spot of interest in that forget her pity for him and to work out her locality. To find any particular grave in this public burying-ground one needs the with renewed energy. Gradually her stories | aid of a cemetery guide. And even such a took on a tone of reality and broad sympathy guide has difficulty, since the graves are with humanity, and gradually her merit known only by members. Upon looking at began to receive general recognition. She | the records of the cemetery it was found that never sent any of her work to the Inland | the special grave desired in this instance Weekly for publication after that one un- was in Public Lot No. 8999, and that the happy incident which left the friendship

A Good Appetite

and the lack of it shows that the stomach and digestive organs are weak and debilisincere admiration and the admonition to tated. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful shun him and his ilk touched her in the power to tone and strengthen these organs and to create an appetite. By doing this it restores the body to health and prevents attacks of disease.

Hood's Sarsaparilla for it would be utterly useless for me to Is the only true blood purifier prominently

Her family knew her too well to remon- Hood's Pills The after-dianer pill and

strate against the proposed visit, and the that had existed between her and its editor next morning she took the early train for partially wrecked, and he only knew her progress through the magazines, to which she had at last became a frequent contrib-

He watched with particular interest the evolution of the character of her heroes. The June issue of a well-known monthly contained a story that made his pulses throb "I am Jesse Arnold," he said, in that stiff way which he habitually adopted when ad- and quiver with hope and joy. He left the dressing strangers. "What is it you wish. Inland Weekly in charge of a subordinate for a few days and went down to see Esther

"When you wrote your 'Story of the Steamer Kendrick ' your hero was your ideal of mankind, was he not?" he asked as soon "Yes," she said softly.

"And you were determined that if you would never marry?"

" Yes," again. "When you wrote this last story you had evidently experienced a change of heart and

Again the monosyllabic reply. "Would you mind telling me where you got your idea of the man therein described?" "No." she said, defiantly; "not in the least. I painted my imaginary character as I remembered you that day when I first saw There was but a trace of his former re- you in your office at Ironton. You ought to serve left, and he took her hand impul- recognize him; there is the same crooked nose, the same unruly hair, the same smile, the same sunlit window at your back. You told me then to take a friend-someone full of imperfections, it might be-and study him and make him a model for my hero. have done so."

> He leaned forward and looked into her pretty blue eyes. "And is he your ideal?" he asked.

"Yes," she said once more. - Exchange. Man and Alligator Swim a Race.

[From the Florida Times Union.] W. A. Gilbert, the gunsmith, and a party of friends have just returned from a hunting yacht Fannie, and Mr. Gilbert has good reason to congratulate himself that he is not sleeping the last sleep in the stomach of a

monster 'gator. The 'gator was found one morning dozing went the gun, and the 'gator half leaped out of the water. Then he churned it into a bloody foam. Mr. Gilbert harried up to the 'gator and pumped eight more bullets into him. Then the saurian lay still, and Mr. Gilbert concluded that he was dead.

Not caring to lose so fine a trophy, he pulled off his coat and swam to the 'gator to surprise and horror, the 'gator wheeled for his would-be slayer.

mind, dived. When he rose to the surface the 'gator spied him again, and on he came at a clipping pace. Mr. Gilbert dived again. Three times the same thing was repeated. At last Mr. Gilbert reached the shore. He was almost winded, and his hair, in spite of divorced; if by order of the court her rethe water, stood up straight on end like the marriage is set aside can she again be penquills of a porcupine.

A Molasses Sidewalk.

Work has been commenced at Chino, Cal., on probably the most unique sidewalk ever | band would so render the marriage to the built, says the Chino Champion. A great many articles have been used for sidewalk and paving purposes, but it remained for E. Turke, head chemist at the sugar factory here, to demonstrate the practicability of making these useful improvements with molasses. Mr. Turke tells us that he is going to build a walk with this material 1,000 feet long, from the factory to Fourth street, in town. The molasses used is a refuse product and has not heretofore been of any utility. It is laid by simply mixing it with sand, when it soon dries and becomes quite hard and durable. A peculiar quality about it, Mr. Turke tells us, is that the hot sun has the effect of making it dryer and harder, Inland Weekly's contributors and compel its world peopled only by ideals. You must rather than softening it, as one would supchief by sheer force of her importunity to ac- associate with the real. Take some man of pose. The correspondent of the Los Angeles Express, himself engaged in the factory labnature for your model, and you will be on oratory, writes: A chemist assisting Prof. Turke has made several experiments with the sand-sirup composition, and he showed the Express correspondent a block of it two feet long, a foot wide, and one inch thick. The slab was capable of sustaining an immense weight, when placed with its edges on two scientions editor, decided to keep it. He suppose," she continued, "that if my stories iron stringers, and a heavy blow with a ma-

A Heroic Physician.

[Harper's Magazine.] There are doctors and doctors, but one of the most intelligent of all these friends of humanity was one who had the courage recently to give a bit of advice to the head of a family not many miles from New York. The head of the family was robust but exacting, healthy but irritable-in short, a veritable Hector.

"I don't know what is the matter with my family, Doctor," he said, "but my wife is nervous, my children are suffering from something, I don't know what-in fact, the whole house is upset. Even the servants seem vacillating and bordering on nervous

"I think it would be all right," said the doctor, "if you would take a six months' tour of Europe-alone." "I?" cried the paterfamilias. "The only well member of the family?

"Yes," said the doctor, gravely. "You ought to travel-for the health of your family."

June, July and August. The most charming Summer Resorts, in which there are over thee hundred choice Minnesota, South Dakota, and the Peninsula of Michigan, along the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y. Nearly all are "I'm afraid you will always stay single located on or near lakes which have not been

In a Nameless Grave. [Ladies' Home Journal.]

Only those who are thoroughly conversant with the innumerable highways and I yways of Greenwood Cemetery, in Brooklyn, know of a section called "The Hill of Graves." number of the mound was 805. When the grave was found it was not unlike the thousands around it. The mound was sunken and neglected; the grass, once green upon it, Indicates a healthy condition of the system stone stands at the head on which is inscribed:

AND

MOTHER

GRANDMOTHER.

Nothing is there to indicate the fact that underneath that sunken mound lies all that is mortal of beautiful Mary Duff, to whom the poet Thomas Moore offered his hand and heart, whose beauty he immortalized in his verse, and who, in the maturity of her career, won the applause of thousands and thousands of people, whom her name attracted to all the great theaters of America and England as one of the most gifted of actresses.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. G. G. T., Brainerd, Minn .- If a woman gets a divorce from her husband, and later the man from whom she was divorced dies, and it is discovered that the divorce is not legal, on the ground that it is not paid for, can the woman get a pension, it being a fact that the soldier's death was due to his service? Answer, She can, if the Commissioner of Pensions or the Secretary of the Interior will concede that the decree of divorce is null and void. We doubt whether on such a showing of facts it would be conceded that the decree was null and void.

J. M. E., Meriden, Conn .- A soldier pensioned under the act June 27, 1800, dies on Aug. 3, 1895, the day before his quarterly payment became due; can his children draw the accrued pension to defray the expenses of his last ill-ness? Answer. If he left surviving no widow and no children under the age of 16 years, and failed to find such a creation in real life you if he left no assets or insufficient assets to defray the expenses of his last illness and burial. and if the children did bear such expense, they may recover the amount so expended by them not to exceed the amount of accrued pension The Auditor for the Department of the Interior. United States Treasury Department, is the officer charged by law with the settlement of such a claim.

J. S. H., Soldiers' Home, Tilton, N. H .- Please advise me whether Congress has passed a law relieving an applicant for pension from proving that he was sound when he enlisted? Answer Congress, by act of March 3, 1885, enacted that all applicants for pension shall have been presumed to have had no disability at the time of enlistment, but that such presumption might be rebutted. This leaves it free for the Commissioner of Pensions to require proof of prior soundness in such cases as he may think demand it.

I. N. C., Nira, Iowa.-Please inform me whether a pensioner who is drawing a pension under the old law for a hernia would be entitled to a continuance of pension if he should be cured of his hernia. There are doctors that guarantee a cure or no pay. Answer. A pension is given for disability due to certain established causes, and if the cause of disability be removed then the disability is gone, and there is no title to further pension therefor. If your hernia should cease to exist your title to pension therefor would from that moment terminate.

D. J. W., Marysville, O .- Has the child of a soldier dying in 1872 (the child having been born an idiot) title to pension? The mother remarried about two years after the death on the placid bosom of the sound, only his of the soldier; has applied for pension, nose and a part of his head protruding. Mr. but has not been able to establish her claim, Gilbert drew a bead on him. "Crack!" the Pension Bureau not conceding that the soldier died of a disease due to his service. Answer. The child has no title unless the death of the soldier will be conceded by the Pension Bureau as a direct result of his military service.

S. T., Sunbury, Pa.-Please state what percentage of the reissues are made to reduce rate, and is there any likelihood that the reductions are about over? Answer. We do not know the percentage; it must be large. The reductions tie a rope to his tail. He had adjusted the | will cease when the material is exhausted. We rope nicely, when suddenly, to Mr. Gilbert's | believe that about all the new law invalid pensions adjudicated during Gen. Ranm's term have around, with his mouth wide open, and made | been revised, and as it is not likely that those been revised, and as it is not likely that those allowed during the present Administration will dress A. J. Henderson, Drawer W. Kansas City, Mo. now be revised, it would appear that reissues to reduce would be less frequent hereafter than they have been heretofore.

T. B. P., Dayton, O .- A widow pensioned under the act of June 27, 1890, remarried, and afterwards found that the second husband had living a wife from whom he had never been sioned? Answer. She can if the Pension Bureau will concede that the second marriage was void from its inception; that is, was no marriage at all, and the fact of a living legal, undivorced wife on the part of the second hus-

Inquiry, Malone, Iowa .- In discussing the foreign element it is claimed by one that in some of the Western States, such as Indiana, North and South Dakota, that in local elections aliens who have declared their intention to become citizens can vote, while the other party claims that no person not a citizen can vote in any election. Who is right? Answer. In the States mentioned aliens who have declared their intentions to become citizens, and who have resided within the County and State and voting precinct the required time, may vote at local elections. This is so in most of the Western States; e. g., Kansas, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, South Dakota, and others.

She who Runs

may read; No woman, if she can read, can fail to know about Pearline. Then, if you're worn out V withhard work or findyourclothes

going to pieces,

you've only yourself to blame. You'll have to choose your own way of washing. You can use soap and the washboard and tire yourself out, and rub your clothes to tatters. You can use so-called washing-powders, imitations of Pearline, and have easier work, though they're eating up the clothes. Or you can use Pearline, wash in the easiest way, and be absolutely certain that there isn't the slightest harm. 425 J. PYLE, N.Y.

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